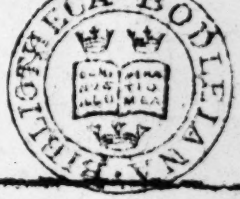
Bull, Beare, and Horſe, Cut, Curtaile, and Longtaile.

With Tales, and Tales of Buls, Clenches, and Flaſhes.

As alſo here and there a touch of our Beare-Garden-ſport; with the ſecond part of the Merry conceits of Wit and Mirth.

Together with the Names of all the *Bulls* and *Beares*.



LONDON,
Printed by *A. Parſons*, for *Henry Goſſon*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop on London Bridge. 1638.

This Dedication is directed, to his well-Affected and much Respected, his often Approved, and truly beloved, Mr. *Thomas Godfrey*, Keeper of the Game for Beares, Bulls, and Dogges.

KInd friend, I am sure you can defend me from being bitten with your *Beares*, though not from being back-bitten by *Envie*; you can stave me, and save me, from the Goring of your *Bulls*, but there are too many heards of other Horned Beasts to But at my Inventions, and tosse my harm-

lesse meaning, as their empty Iudge-
ments, and Witlesse fancies are en-
clin'd; howsoever I am resolv'd to
love you, and not to Respect them.
I am glad that you can say that an ex-
cessive time of charge is past with
you, and I hope for better dayes and
times. I have touched here and there
merrily upon the Game, but so farre
from offence, that I doe expect that it
will be pleasing both to the Wise, and
to the Indifferent Readers. And if
thinkes very Fooles should not be an-
gry with it, for I have thrust in a gre-
many Bables to please them to. If any
thing doe seeme distastefull in it, my
Comfort is, that a Wise man will not
set his Wit to mine, and be offended;
but if a Foole be angry, then I will

not ſet my Wit to his, and take excep-
ions. And thus with my beſt wiſhes
o you and yours, I remaine a poore
iend to you and yours,

Iohn Taylor.

Bull, Beare, and Horſe, Cuts, Curtols, and Longtailes.

Concerning *Bulls*, ſure no man is ſo Dull,
Or ignorant, but that he knowes a *Bull*:
There are more ſorts of *Bulls* then Beares
For *Iupiter*, (the chiefe of Heathen gods) (by ods,
Into a *Bull*, was pleas'd himſelfe to Shape,
When on *Europa* he committed Rape:
And to a *Bull*, he turn'd his forme divine
When he (on *Ceres*) got faire *Proſerpine*.
Taurus (the *Bull*) is if you wiſely Note
A Signe Cæleſtiall for the Necke and Throat,
If any doubt of it, let them but go
And buy an Almanacke, hee'le finde it ſo.
Paſipha Queene of *Creet*, (a Royall Trull)
Was monſtrouſly enamour'd of a *Bull*;
'Twixt whom the Monſter *Minotaure* was got,
As in th' eighth Booke of *Ovid* it was wrot.

But

But ſure the ſtories truth is better fram'd,
That ſayes there was a man there (*Taurus* nam'd)
Who was beloved of the luſtfull Queene,
And had with her too oft familiar beene.
'Tis ſaid *Semiramis* (King *Ninus* Mother)
Did love a Bull, which is as true as 'tother.
When as Juſt *Minos*, (*Creets* victorious King)
The *Megarans* did to's ſubjection bring,
For which to *Iove* a feaſt he ſolemniz'd,
Wherein a hundred *Buls* were ſacrific'd.
The Brazen *Bull* of *Phallaris* the Tyrant,
Was ſuch a Beaſt, as made the World admire on't,
In which men Roaſted, were to death Tormented,
And he firſt ſuffred in't that it Invented.
There dwels a man at *Rome*, that *Buls* can make,
To make ſeduced Kings, and Kingdomes Quake,
Which *Buls* (though Lead) (O wondrous to behold
Are quickly Metamorphos'd into Gold.
There's the Philoſophers Admired Jemme,
(That long ſought Jewell, worth a Diademe)
That hard, hard ſtone, which many men have ſought
And all they found, they found themſelves worth nought;
The Caſtle *Angello*, doth it Immure
And there turnes droſſy Lead, to Gold moſt pure.
There are *Bulbeggers*, which fright Children much,
There are *Bull* Taverns, that mens Wits will tutch;
And further (for the *Buls* Renowne and fame)
We had an ex'lent Hangman of that name.

Suppoſe

Suppoſe a man's match'd with a beauteous Wife,
Who with an ugly Dwarfe defiles her life,
To pleaſe her husband, ſhe can fiddle, faddle,
Whilſt oftentimes a Monkey ſits his Saddle,
A man may ſay, that he moſt baſely is
Bull'd with an *Urchin*, through his Wifes Amiſſe.
And now of late, a *Bull's* a Common Creature,
For men (with *nonſence*) do ſpeak *Bull's* by Nature,
From Eaſt to Weſt, from North unto the South,
Bull's are produc'd each houre, by Word of Mouth.
Which every day are brought unto the Printer,
Faſter then *Mother Puddings made her Winter.*
To the decay of many a Tallow Taper,
And the conſuming many a Reame of Paper,
Soft Mault doth make ſweet Fire, the Proverb ſayes,
Or elſe the *Bull* ſayes ſo, you ſee which wayes.
If men would uſe to *Leape before they Looke*,
Bull's ſhould not thus be thruſt in many a Booke,
For though *Care may be Kill'd with any Cat*,
You are not ſure *the Fire is in the Fat*,
Fooles fuine (ſay they) *do often make faire Words*,
Yet *ſome may Catch the Buſh, ſome beat the Birds.*
But *Better comes the ſeldome*, I deſire
For *My Kill ſet the Peck of Mault on fire.*
This any man may to himſelfe apply
That *When the Larks fall, we may catch the skie.*
But if my Judgement do me not deceive
I do eſteeme it *better lacke then leave.*

Though

Though Brawne and Bacon breeds from Bores and Hogs,
Yet *hungry Puddings will eat dirty Doggs.*
And ſure a man had better bide away,
Then come to late, *A Faire after the Day.*
If ſuch a one ſpeed well, it is as rare,
As tis *To catch a Taber with a Hare.*
Which is as certaine as blind Fortunes Wheele,
Or hold faſt *Like a wet Taile by the Eele.*
Let every man a true decorum keepe,
Becauſe tis ill, *A waking Dogge to ſleepe.*
And tis a Proverb throughout Chriſtendome,
That never *One day was not built in Rome.*
If great men give me nothing, I ſay plaine,
Ile hurle as much as that at them againe.
He that ſtickes downe a Gooſe, and ſteales a Feather,
Doth (by that match) not ſave, or profit neither.
A long Corne for ſhort harveſt men may ſee,
Like tedious woeing for a ſcornefull ſhee.
Tis folly for a man to fall at ſtrife
With *Women*, who *hath nine Cats like a life;*
For when the Gray-Horſe is the better Mare,
A Blinde man may be taken with a Hare.
Spet in your hold, take better hands I ſay,
We may be heere to Morrow, and gone to day.
The man that angrie is without amends,
Tis fit (*without a cauſe he be made friends:*)
For though men know their Cattel by their marks
The greateſt men are not the wiſeſt Clarkes.

I pur-

I purpoſe no mans credit to defame,
But *He that is halfe hang'd, hath no good name.*
Though all theſe Rimes are ſcarcely worth a Token
The Water to the Pott goes till tis broken.
Who cuts their fingers muſt abide them bleed,
And when Geeſe preach, then let thr Fox take heede.
Tis hard to make me thinke, or late, or ſoone,
That ever *Greene Cheeſe was made of the Moone.*
Nor is it fit (as I doe underſtand)
To put a mad Sword in a nak'd mans hand.
A man may be a Drunkard or a Leacher,
And yet *mend as the Bolt doth mend the Fletcher.*
Or *as the ſowre Ale mends the Sommer*, ſo
A man (miſtooke) may make his friend, his foe.
For all this, 'tis not fitting to be book'd,
How once olde *Lincolne ore the Devill look'd.*
The Ancient Proverb ſtill doth ſtand in force,
Some better may looke one then ſteale a Horſe.
It may be ſome will not theſe lines allow,
But then *they take a wrong Eare by the Sow.*
Twas never yet a queſtion in the Law,
To ſtumble at a Blocke, leape ore a ſtraw.
But any man of ſimple wit may finde,
That *all this Corne hath ſhaken downe no Winde.*
He that will wrangle for an Egge thats Addle,
Although he loſe the Horſe, may winne the Saddle.
And thus my Muſe, moſt lowly elevated,
Theſe Engliſh Proverbs hath to *Bulls* tranſlated.

More

More worthy, and Remarkeable obſervations of the *Bull.*

AS is before Repeated in my lines,
Taurus (the *Bull*) 'mongſt the Celeſtial Signes;
So *Taurus* is a Mountaine, whoſe high Top
Doth ſeeme to ſcale the Skies, and underprop
The *Bull* that's ſtellified; That Hill doth Bound
All *Aſia* on the North, about it round
Is many a Kingdome and large Continent,
Which ſhewes the *Bull* is mighty in extent.
A *Bull's* a Beaſt of State and Reputation,
For he that eats *Bull* Beefe, (by approbation)
With eating ſuch ſtrong meate, I do aſſure ye
'Twill puffe him up, and make him ſwell with fury.
If any man will but himſelfe examine,
He'le find a *Bull*, a Buckler againſt famine,
A *Bull's* a happy Creature, whence proceeds
Moſt of the food, whereon moſt people feeds:
He, and his ſweet hearts (moſt beloved Kine)
Yeelds thouſands wherewithall to ſuppe and dine.
The *Calves*, (his ſonnes and daughters) plenteouſly
With young and tender *Veale*, our wants ſupply.
And from the *Bull'd Cow*, (in perpetuall motion)
Milke flowes amongſt us daily like an *Ocean*,
Sweet *Creame*, and Cockney *Curds* they yeeld each
And (for the poor) *Whig*, *Buttermilk* and *Whay*, (day,

Cheeſe

Cheeſe Raw, or Toaſted, or to Bait Mouſe-traps,
And *Butter*, to annoint the *Flemmings* Chaps,
The *Milk-Pans* do allow, like bounteous Pooles,
Meanes to make *Cheeſe-cakes*, *Cuſtards*, *Flawns*, and
And at the *Milk-pale*, I have ſeene and heard (*Fools*,
Good *Sullabubs*, have been both made and mard.
It is the *Bull's* Conjunction with the Cow
(With bleſt encreaſe) that doth theſe things allow.
Without the *Bull* we ſhould be ſo unſtor'd,
The Kingdome could not yeeld a *Poſſet* Curd.
Know then by this (good Reader) what a *Bull* is,
And he that will not know it, but a Gull is.
The *Oxe* (the *Buls* ſtrong Eunuch ſon) is Chiefe
Of Mortall meats, (man-feeding vigorous Beefe)
And who ſo will amongſt the *Butchers* ſeeke
In *London*, and in *Weſtminſter* each weeke,
With thoſe two Cities Bounds, and Liberties,
With Countrey Butchers, and the great ſupplies
That Market folkes do to thoſe parts Impart
(The Load of many a Horſe, and many a Cart)
The *Beeves* thus ſlaine, and eaten would appeare
Above 3000, each weeke through the yeere.
Chines, Surloyns, Flanks, Clods, Legs, doth fill us full,
Brisket and Marrow-bones comes from the *Bull*;
A Neatſ-tongue dri'd is deere, a Diſh of State,
At *Stilliard* any man may know the Rate. *

* *Innumerable are the people and families that live by the* Bull, *and the* Bulls *off-ſpring.*

With

With many more things which Ile not Recite,
'Twould trouble men to Read, and I to write.
Thus do the Butchers Thriue, the Graſiers Gaine,
The Cooks and Victualers, do their ſtates maintain,
Sowſe-wives grow plump and fat, and 'tis becauſe
Their ſale is q ıicke for Muggets Paunches, Mawes,
Tripes, Reads, Neatsfeet, Cowheels, & Chitterlings,
Whilſt many thouſands feed on Bag-pnddings.
Note but how well the Cheeſe-mongers do liue,
And what a uſefull gainfull Trade they drive:
Yet in their ſhops there is true Juſtice found
The poore mans peney, and the rich mans pound
Shall have true, weight according to proportion,
Without conivence, falſhood, or extortion.
Were there no *Buls*, Chandlers were beggerd quite
Nor could they ſell our darkneſſe any light
At any price of Reaſon, then our Guiſe
Were ſoone to go to Bed, and late to Riſe.
Thus is the *Bull*, and the *Bulls* Breed deſected
In Fleſh and Entrales; now my Quil's erected
(In what is writ before I have not Lyde)
And now Ile flouriſh ore the *Hornes* and *Hyde*.
The *Tanners* wealth encreaſeth day and Night,
'Till at the laſt his Sonne is dub'd a Knight:
And Daughters ſhould be (could they purchaſe
With Portions, and proportions Ladyfi'de. (pride)
The *Currier* alſo needs not Curry favoure, (*vour.*
For though his Trade ſmell, *ſomethidg hath ſome ſa-*

Nor

Nor would men be ſo mad as to prefer
Their ſonnes bound prentiſe to a *Shoomaker* ;
But that their future hopes do them perſwade,
It is no Bare-footed and Bootleſſe Trade.
Nor will it ever lack, or live in ſcorne,
'Till all our children without feet are borne ;
For (more then any Trade) hee'le ſing and play,
Whilſt every Munday is his Holiday.
And when a Shoomaker fals to decay,
Hee'le be a Cobler new, and mend that way :
But there's a monſtrous Trade, of late ſprung forth,
Doth ſpoil more Leather then their skins are worth ;
The beſt Hydes they devoure, and Gurmundize,
Which makes the worſt in price too high to Riſe ;
With them the World doth bravely run on Wheeles,
Whilſt poore men pinch and pay, quite out at heels.
But hold, what veſſell have I ſet a Broach,
What is muſe got jolting in a Coach ?
Out with a vengeance, walk on foot I p.
And to the *Bull* again direct your way.
Now for the excellent Admired Horne
More profitable then the Unicorne.
For Hoopes, for Spectacles, for Combs to dreſſe yo.
(Which when they come ſo neere your heads, pray
And 'tis a *Bull* I have heard often ſaid (bleſſe you)
Reach me the Iron Shooing Horne good Maid.
And when the Hunted Stag bids life farewell,
The Huntſmans *Horn* doth bravely Ring his Knell,

Which was the *Bull-calves*, or the *Buls-horns* once
Before the Gelder reft him of his ſtones.
Thus from the *Bull*, and the *Bulls* Breed you ſee,
A world of people ſtill maintained be;
He finds fleſh, Bootes, Shooes, Lights, and ſtands in (ſtead
And great importance to afford us Bread.
The *Bulls* deare ſonne (the *Oxe*) with daily toyle,
Weares out himſelfe with plowing and turmoyle,
And all to find us bread, and when he dyes,
His Fleſh, Hyde, Hornes and all, our wants ſupplies.
So much for *Bulls* now in particular,
For our Beare-Garden *Bull*, a *Bull* of war,
A ſtout, a valiant, and a Head-ſtrong-Beaſt,
Which did not fight this 18 Moneths at leaſt;
A Beaſt of mighty pollicy and power,
That at his Dog-foes will looke Grim, and Lower,
Hee'le knit the Brow with terror, in ſuch ſort,
That when he chafes moſt, then he makes moſt ſport;
At puſh of Pike, he with his head will play,
And with his feet ſpurne injuries away;
Hee'l turne and wind as nimble as an Eele,
And kicke, and skornes abuſes with his Heele;
Hee'le fling and throw, hee'le bravely toſſe & turn,
Hee'le hurle and heave, and dangerouſly ſpurne,
Note but his valour, when hee's at the ſtake,
How he prepares himſelfe the Dog to take:
His feet fix'd faſt, diſdaining once to ſtirre,
His wary eye upon the angry *Cur*.

Whil'ſt

Whilſt politickly with his Head he weaves,
And with advantage up his foe he heaves,
With ſuch a force, that often with the fall
Hee's dead, or lam'd, or hath no power to ſprawle.
Thus hath our *Bull* fought in his owne defence,
And purchas'd (for his Maſter (Crowns and pence.
And for that purpoſe may do ſo agen,
(I wiſh I had the knowledge to know when)
For ſince the time a *Bull* a Dog could toſſe,
Our Beare-Garden had never ſuch a koſſe:
But lets not lay the fault upon the Times,
But let us blame our ſelves, and ceaſe our Crimes.

Bulls, Miſtakes, Clenches, Long and ſhort Tales.

A Tale of a Bull *that was bought inſtead of a* Cowe.

IT was well knowne to many ancient people to this day, that in the Citie of *Glouceſter*, without the *South Gate*, in the Pariſh of Saint *Ewins*, (where my ſelfe was borne) there dwelt a Schoolemaſter, who was called Maſter *Greene*, to whom I with many more went to Schoole, for ſome ſmall learning beyond the Horn-Booke; This

Maſter *Greene* did love new milke ſo well, that becauſe he would be ſure to have it new, he would buy a Cowe of his owne, and to that purpoſe went to the Beaſt Market, but by the way having met with ſome friends, and a Cup or two of Sack, it had ſo wrought in the old mans pate, that when he came to the Beaſt-market, his eyes ſo dazled and doated on a faire Bull, that he ſuppos'd his Cod to be a goodly Cowes Vdder; ſo he (neither naming Cowe or Bull) demanded the price of the Beaſt, till at the laſt the Bull was bought and ſold, and driven home to a ſtable of Maſter *Greenes*, who being glad of his good bargaine, told his wife of it; and when the Evening milking time was come, Maſter *Greene*, with his Wife and Maid, went to the Stable, where the Wench kneeling downe to milke, and taking the Bull by the Cod, ſhee ſaid ſhee could find ne're a Teate, whereat the man and woman were amaz'd; and the Bull (for his owne eaſe) in ſtead of milke, piſt

in the Paile, for the which Maſter *Greene* was ever mockt and flouted, and my ſelfe (with my Fellow Scholiers) to ſhew our acute forwardneſſe in Rime, and out of the ſhallowneſſe of our deepe judgements, compoſed this poeticall *Encomium*.

Our Maſter *Greene*, was overſeene,
In buying of a *Bull*;

For when the Maid, did meane to milke,
He piſt the Paile halfe full--*probatum*.

Our Schoolemaſter did take theſe Verſes ſo kindly, that having found out the grave Authors of them; he (to expreſſe, or declare his love to Poetry) gave us ſuch ſpeedy, preſent, and yet backward ſure payment, that we danc'd at it, and were ſo merry, that our cheekes ran downe with water.

Another Tale of a Towne Bull.

A Parſon of a Countrey Village (for the encreaſe of Towne Calves) kept a luſty *Bull*, which ſerv'd for the uſe of the whole Pariſh; which *Bull* was fallen ſo poor and leane, that his bones might have been almoſt told as they were ready to ſtart out of his skin, and the cold Winter being come, the miſerable Parſon put the *Bull* to graze on the bare ground in in the Churchyard, (for there was little or no Graſſe) and there was alſo a Horſe of the Parſons as leane as the *Bull*, which fed (or faſted) in the ſaid Churchyard. Theſe poore Beaſts being almoſt ſtarved with hunger and cold, and the hardneſſe of their Maſters heart, it fortuned that in a very darke night, there aroſe a very violent Tempeſt of wind and raine, ſo that the *Bull* for ſuccour and ſhelter from the weather, went into the Church porch, and there lay downe and dyed with cold and famine.

ſamine. The Horſe likewiſe (having the like purpoſe to get out of the ſtorme) went to the Church-porch, and by reaſon it was ſo darke, he ſtumbled over the dead *Bull*, and ran his head againſt the Church doore, which was ſo old and broken that with the force of the Horſes fall, it flew open and let the Horſe into the Church, who recovering his legs, and walking up and downe, muſing where he was, at the laſt he came to the Bell Ropes, which the Countrey people that uſed to Ring, had (for the eaſe of their hands) made wiſpes, or wads of Hay faſt round about the hand-faſts or handles of the Ropes; the which Hay, the Horſe ſmelling out, he being hungry, laid lippes to, and pull'd ſo hard at the Hay, that the Rope gave warning to the Bell, and the Bell to the Clapper, that it Rang now and then a ſtroake or twain, which the Parſon hearing, he marvelled much what the matter ſhould be, or who ſhould jangle the Bels ſo confuſedly at that time of the night, in the meane ſpace

the

the Horſe goes from Rope to Rope, (as he could find them in the darke) which cauſed every Bell to toll in an untuned Diapaſon: At laſt the Parſon aroſe, and called up the Clerke, and ſome neighbours, and lighted their Lanthornes (which were the lighter and the heavier for their Candles) ſo they came amazedly and fearefully to the Churchyard, and there they found the *Bull* dead in the Church-porch, and the Horſe in the Bell-frey ringing his Knell. Although there be no impoſſibilitie in this Tale, yet I am not guilty of the beleefe of it, nor am I bound to prove it.

Bulls with ſhort Tales.

A Taxation, or levie, or payment was laid upon a Countrey Village, for the repairing or mending of a bad high-way, againſt the which collection the people grumbled and murmur'd very much; So that one of the moſt grave and wiſe of he Pariſh, ſaid to the Officers that gathe-

red

red the money, *I tell you friend, if theſe kind of Burſements and elections be laid thus tollerably upon us; 'its enough to make folkes mad, and riſe in devotion.*

A Bull.

A Fellow going from *London* towards *Rumford* in *Eſſex*, before he came at *Ilford*, (ſomwhat neer the highway) he ſaw the carcaſes of three murderers hang'd in Chaines, and at his returne home being demaunded what newes he had brought out of the countrey; Truely (quoth he) I have no great newes to tell you, but I ſaw a rare ſight, which was, *I ſaw three men hang'd in Iibblets.*

A cleare ſighted Bull.

ONe met a man in the ſtreet, taking acquaintance of him thus, Sir, I am a ſtranger, and am miſtaken in you, for you are not the Gentleman that I tooke you for, *but I pray you pardon me, for I am ſure I have ſeene you by ſight.*

Miſtakes.

SOme neighbours being at hot contention, for a matter of little or nothing: the buſineſſe was brought before a Iuſtice, who ſaid unto them, My good neighbours, I do wiſh you to agree, for the proverbe ſayes truely, *The Law is coſtly*; therefore I would have you to put the Controverſie to me, and I will ſet all differences even betwixt you; Truly Sir, ſaid one, I do humbly thanke your worſhip, the matter concernes my wife, and *I put her Caſe to your Worſhip* withall my heart; in truth quoth another, I am contented, *I am willing to deferre the matter to your Worſhips diſcredit.*

A Bull *of authority.*

A Major of a Countrey Towne, being ſate with the reſt of his Brethren, in the Towne-houſe began to make a grave Oration,

Oration, beginning as followeth. Brethren, friends, and neighbours, I am in good hope that our proceedings will be to a good purpose, because we are so happily and lovingly *seperated together amongst our selves.*

A shee Bull.

A Young Shee Citizen borne, was newly married, having never in her life been a Traveller further then she could heare the sound of *Bow-Bell.* Her Husband (on a time) went with her into the Countrey a Ayring, whereas they were going thorow a meddow, there was a Tree, upon one of the Boughes whereof a Mole-catcher had hang'd up many *Moles* or *Wants* which he had taken, which the young woman espying, shee call'd to her husband, saying, *O what a sollitary life it is to live in the Citie, where no such fine things do grow as are heere in the Countrey, for looke you Husband heere is a Black-pudding Tree.*

A poore

A Roguiſh Flaſh.

A Poore man was going to the Market (on a Saturday) to buy Beefe, he having a Roguiſh boy to his ſonne, the boy asked him whether he was going; he anſwered, I am going to the Butchers. O father (ſaid the boy) *the Butchers are craſty fellowes, and if you take not heed, they will coſin you, therefore I adviſe you to take the Dog with you, for two heads are better then one.*

A Flaſh.

A Neat Gentleman, with an Aſh colour, or Silver couloured paire of ſilke Stockings, going haſtily through the gate that leads into the Pallace at *Weſtminſter*, ſuddenly, a woman (or maid) did chance to caſt out a diſh or pot of new-made warme water, ſome part whereof lighted in the Gentlemans ſhooes, and withall beſparkled his ſilke Stockings; at which, very angerly he ſaid, *Thou filthy baſe ſluttiſh Queane, Canſt thou not ſee, but throw*

hrow thy ſtinking piſſe into my ſhooes and hoſe? To whom ſhe anſwered, Sir, I am ſorry hat I have done you any wrong, but yet ou have done me a great deal more injury then I have done to you, for I would ave you know, that I am no ſuch *Slut* as ou call'd me, neither do I keep piſſe till it inkes, but I *alwayes throw it away freſh and freſh as I make it.*

A Bull.

TWo Gentlemen paſsing up the River of *Thames*, with a paire of Oares from *London-Bridge* towards *Weſtminſter*, one of the Gentlemen did take ſomewhat n diſtaſte, that one of the Watermen had ither ſaid or done to him; the Waterman did intreat him not to be angry, and ſaid, e did mean no harme, and was ſorry that Gentleman ſhould be angry for nothing; ut the more the one did entreat, the more urious the other was, inſomuch that he aid to the Waterman, *Sirra, hold your praing, for I vow as I am a Gentleman, if I do riſe nd come to thee, I will knocke thy head and the all together.*

A Clench.

A Clench.

AN old man had ſate tipling ſo long at the Ale-houſe, that he had almoſt gotten a Loafe out of the Brewers Baſket, and having an unhappy Boy to his ſonne, who came for him to get him home, to whom the old man ſaid, *Sirra Boy have a care of me, and lead me well, for my head is very light*; to whom the Boy anſwered, *Father, it is long of your eyes that your head is light, for if they were out, your head would be in the darke.*

A Bull.

A Gentleman riding in the Countrey attended with one Servingman, they met a fellow that was a ſtride upon a Cowe, the Servingman ſaid, Maſter behold, yonder is a ſtrange ſight. What is it ſaid the Gentleman? why ſir (ſaid his man) looke you ſir, *there is one Rides on Horſeback*

upon

upon a Cowe; that's a great Bull, *said the Gentleman*; nay sir, said his man, *it is no Bull, I know it is a Cowe by his Teats.*

A Mistake.

ONe that was a Good-fellow upon the Score so farre, that many blacke lines did proclaime his credit in sundry Taverns, Ale-houses, and Tobacco shops, Chalk was the Inke, to remember what he owed for his Drinke. It happened, that his braine being intoxicated with late tipling in a frosty Winters night, and his way being over a little Close from the Alehouse to his owne house, hee perceiving the Grasse all milke-white with the hoary frost; at which sight hee merrily said to one that went with him, *Now I see that all the world is Chalk'd, and my Scores will never be seene for me to pay them.*

A Bull.

TWo men in a hot Summer Evening, ſtripped themſelves out of their Cloathes, to ſwimme or waſh themſelves in the *Thames*, or ſome other Brooke or River; and having (as they thought) ſtaid overlong in the water, one of them ſaid, Let us now go a Shore, and put on our cloathes, for it is time to go home. The other anſwered, do you go on ſhore firſt, *I will but unloſe a point, and come to you preſently.*

A ſhort Bull.

ONe ſaid, that *the beſt Bull-dog that ever he ſaw play at the Beare, was a Brended Bitch.*

A Citie Bull.

TWo Citizens, having been making merry in *Middleſex*, came riding homewards through a Village called *Acton* (which is ſixe miles from *London*) and perceiving a faire houſe, with the doores and windowes ſhut, one of them ſaid, it was great pitty that ſuch a handſome building ſhould want an inhabitant; to whom the other anſwered, you ſay true brother, it is pitty, *but if I had this houſe in London, it ſhould not ſtand empty heere.*

A Curtoll Bull.

ONe ſaid that he was ſo ſows'd and daſh'd with a ſhowre of Raine, *that he had ne're a dry thred wet about him.*

A pretty Bull.

ONe was perſwaded to go into the water and waſh himſelfe, he anſwered that it was dangerous, and that *he did never meane to go into any River, or other water, before he had firſt learn'd to ſwimme perfectly.*

A Miſtake.

A Man departed from his houſe, and dwelling privately, without taking leave of any body, and travell'd, ſo that it was not knowne to any what was become of him, at laſt there was a ſuppoſition that he was kill'd in a quarrell by a mad fellow that behaved himſelfe ſo well, that few honeſt folkes lov'd him. This fellow was apprehended, and arraigned at the Aſſizes for ſuſpition of the fact, and by ſome ſtrong preſumptions appeared ſo guilty, that he was thought fit to be hang'd, and

after

after a yeares impriſonment, he went abroad now and then (with the leave of the Iaylor) where by chance he met the man that was ſuppoſed to be ſlaine by him; whereupon the priſoner got his liberty: who comming among his old Conſorts, he ſaid, My Maſters, *I have endured a great deale of trouble about killing of a Raſcall, and nothing grieves me ſo much, as that I met the Rogue ſixteene moneths after in* Aylsbury *Market.*

A Bull.

ONe ſaid that the High Sherife of *Yorkeſhire* did entertaine the Iudges in a brave and commendable fashion, *with one hundred and twenty men, all in one ſaire Livery of Gray Marble.*

Of a Fryer.

A Preaching Fryer once reprooved his Auditors for ſleeping at his Sermons, but yet (ſaid he) I pray you do not refraine comming to Church though you doe ſleepe, for God Almighty may chance to take ſome of you napping.

Of a Saylor and his Wife.

A Saylor was abſent on a Voyage three yeeres, in the meane ſpace his Wife had a Boy, twenty moneths old, to entertaine him withall at his returne: the Saylor ſaid, Wife, whoſe childe is this? marry husband (quoth ſhe) it is mine, and God ſent it me in your abſence. To which the man repli'd, I will keepe this child, becauſe God ſent him, but if God ſend me any more on that faſhion, he ſhall keep them himſelfe.

A witty Tale of a new married man.

A Young fellow being newly married, having been from home, came ſuddenly into his houſe, and found his Wife at foule play with another man: the poor young Cuckold ran preſently and told his wives father all the buſineſſe, who replyed thus; Sonne, I married her mother, and I tell thee plaine that thy wife ſeemes to be her daughter in conditions as well as feature, for I have taken her mother many times in that manner, and no warning would ſerve her, till in the end age made her leave it, and ſo will thy wife do when ſhe is old and paſt it.

A Tale of three Goſſips, that would know, Whereabouts a Cuckolds hornes do grow.

THree Goſſips in a Tavern, chatting over a Pint of Sherry, ſaid one of them, I muſe whereabouts a Cuckolds hornes grow; quoth the ſecond, I think they do grow in the pole, or nape of the neck; verily, quoth the third, I do think it to be

true, for my Husbands bands are alwayes worn out behind.

Of a Whore.

ONe called a Whore lazie jade, content your ſelfe, quoth another, as lazie as ſhe ſeemes, ſhe is able to carry a man quicke to the Divell.

Of Cuckolds.

A Company of neighbours that dwelt all in a rowe, in one ſide of a ſtreet, one of them ſaid, Let us be merry, for it is reported that we are all Cuckolds that dwell on our ſide of the ſtreet (except one) one of the women ſate muſing, to whom her husband ſaid; (wife) what all *a mort*, why art thou ſo ſad? no, quoth ſhee, I am not ſad, but I am ſtudying which of our neighbours it is that is not a Cuckold.

A Clench.

A Gentleman being in a house of iniquitie, or Cousin-German to a Bawdy-house, the roome being very darke, he called alowd for a *light Huswife*; to whom a Wench made answer, I come *Incontinent.*

He calls for light, *she understood him right,*
For shee was vanity which made her light:
She said she would incontinent *attend,*
To make her Continent, she needs to mend.

A Mistake.

TWo Maids (or servants) dwelling in a house together, the one of them having occasion to use a Steele, smoothing Iron, or some such kinde of Laundry Instrument, and having sought it, and not finding it, said to her fellow, thou dost mislay every thing in the house, and art so busie

buſie a baggage that thou canſt let *nothing ſtand*; to which the other anſwered, and you are ſo wayward and teaſty, that a little thing troubles you, and puts you in great anger.

A Gentlewomans anſwer to a Captaine.

IN a time of Peace, a Captaine being in company, where after dinner there was dancing, with whom a Gentlewoman was deſirous to dance, the Captaine ſaid he was made to fight, and not to dance; to whom ſhe anſwered, that it were good that he were oil'd and hang'd up in an Armory, till there were occaſion to uſe him.

Of a Huffing Gallant

ONe asked a Huffing Gallant, why he had not a Looking-Glaſſe in his Chamber, he anſwered, he durſt not, becauſe he was often angry, and then he look'd ſo terribly, that he was fearefull to looke upon himſelfe.

Of a fellow that was whipt.

THere was a fellow that (not for his goodneſſe) was whipt at a Carts-tayle; and in his execution he drew back-ward, to whom a Gentleman (in pitty) ſaid, Fellow, do not draw back, but preſſe forward, and thy execution and paines will be the ſooner paſt, and done; to whom the Rogue anſwered, It is my turn now, when thou art whip'd, do thou go as thou wilt, and now I will go as I pleaſe.

Beleeve it if you liſt.

ONe ſaid, that he had travaild ſo farre that he had laid his hand upon the hole where the wind came forth: a ſecond ſaid, that he had bin at the fartheſt edge of the world, and driven a nayle quite thorow it: the third repli'd, that he had been further, for he was then on the other ſide of the world, and clencht that nayle.

Of a Pope.

THere was a Pope, who being dead, it is ſaid that he came to heaven gate and knock'd; Saint *Peter* (being within the Gate) asked who was there? The Pope anſwered, Brother, it is I, I am the late Pope deceaſed; Saint *Peter* ſaid, if thou be the Pope, why doſt thou knocke, that having the Keyes, mayeſt unlocke the gate and enter? The Pope replyed, ſaying, that his predeceſſors had the Keyes, but ſince their time the Wards were altered.

A Tale betwixt a Miſer and a poore Man.

A Rich Miſer, being reviled by a poore man, whom he had oppreſſed; the rich man ſaid, Thou Dog, leave thy barking: the poore man anſwered, that he had one quality of a good dog, which was, to barke when he ſaw a Thiefe.

An unhappy answer of a Boy to his father playing at Dice.

A Man being deeply in play at Dice, having loſt much mony, his ſon (a little ...d) being by him, wept; quoth the father, Boy, why doſt thou weepe? the Boy ...ſwered, that he had read that *Alexander* the Great, wept when he heard that his ...ther (King *Philip*) had conquered many ...ties, Townes, and Territories, fearing ...t he would leave him nothing ro win; ...d I weepe the contrary way (quoth the ...y) for I feare that my Father will leave ...e nothing to loſe.

Of one that oppreſt the Poore.

AN Oppreſſor having feld all the trees ...in a Forreſt, which for a long time ...ad been the reliefe of many poore people, ſaid, that it was as good as a Comedy ...o him to ſee the trees fall; to whom a poore

poore man ſaid, I hope, as thou makeſt Comedy of our miſeries, that three thoſe trees may be reſerved to finiſh Tragedy for thee and thy children.

Of one that forgot his old acquaintance.

ONe lamented his friends hard fortune, that being raiſed to a place honour, was growne ſenſeleſſe, forgetti all his old familiar acquaintance, and ſo from knowing any man, that he knew himſelfe.

Of Inſtruments and Engines.

THe Plough ſurpaſſeth the Pike, Harrow excelleth the Halbert, Coulter exceeds the Cuttleax, the Goa better then the Gunne; for the one are the Inſtruments of life and profit, a the other are the Engines of death, and kinds of calamities.

Eith

Either ſhame, or hunger.

A Poore man is in two extreames: firſt, if he aske, he dyes with ſhame; ſecondly, if he aske not, hee dies with hunger.

An Officers excuſe.

One being in Office, was reproved for negligence; his excuſe was, that it was his beſt policy to be idle: for if hee ſhould do ill, he ſhould diſpleaſe God, and if he ſhould do well, he ſhould offend men: to whom one anſwered, you ought to do your dutie, for in well doing you ſhall pleaſe God, and in ill doing you ſhall pleaſe men.

How women take pleaſure to be ſued unto.

WOmen take great pleaſure to
to be ſued to, though they nev
meane to grant.

Of Suites in Law.

ONe ſaid that Suiters in Law
mortall, and their ſute
and that there is more profit in a quie
deniall, then in a long diſpatch.

Of Rome.

A Traveller was talking what a goo
City *Rome* was, to whom one of
company ſaid, that all *Rome* was not
for we had too much *Rome* in *England*.

Irish wood an enemy to Caterpillars.

A Countrey Fellow came into *Westminster* Hall, where one told him that the roofe of it was made of *Irish* wood, and that the nature of it was such, that no Spider would come neere it, and he said (further) that in *Ireland*, no Toad, Snake, or Caterpiller can live, but that the Earth, or the Trees will destroy them: Ah (quoth the Countrey man) I wish with all my heart that the Benches, Barres and Flooring were all made of such earth and wood, and that all Coaches, Barges, and Wherries, were made of *Irish* Oake, that all our *English* Caterpillers might be destroyed.

Thomas Coriat's *complaint of* Iohn Taylor.

MAster *Thomas Coriat* (on a time) complained against me to King *James*,

deſiring His Majeſtie that he would cauſe ſome heavie puniſhment to be inflicted upon me, for abuſing him in writing (as he ſaid I had) to whom the King replide, that when the Lords of His Honourable Privie Councell had leiſure, and nothing elſe to do, then they ſhould heare and determine the differences betwixt Maſter *Coriat* the Scholler, and *John Taylor* the Sculler: which anſwer of the King was very acceptable to Maſter *Coriat*. Whereupon I made this following Petition to the King.

To

TO THE KINGS MOST *Excellent Majestie.*

The humble Petition of *Iohn Taylor*, your Majesties poore Water-Poet.

Sheweth,

MOst mighty Monarch *of this famous Ile,*
(Upon the knees of my submissive mind)
I beg thou wilt be graciously inclin'd,
To reade these lines my rustick Pen compile:
*For know (Royall Sir (*Tom Coriat *works the wile,*
To get your high displeasure on my head to bring;
And well I wot, the sot, his words can file,
To hope my fortunes head-long down to fling. (ring,
Oh King, whose Wisdome through the world did
Did heare the cause of two offending Harlots;
So, I beseech thee (Great) great Britaines *King,*
To do the like for two contending Varlots.
A brace of Knaves your Majestie implores,
To heare their suites as Solomon *heard Whores,*

A Ribble-Rabble of Geſſips.

THe ſpace of a fortnight from the Bear-baiting, two houres and a half from the Wind-mill, about foure of the Clocke in the forenoone, a little after ſupper in the morning, betweene old mother *Maudlin*, of the Pariſh of *Ideots*, Plaintiffe of the one party, and *Geſſip Gillian*, of Geſſips Hall, in the Pariſh of *Twattleborough*, the other party, Defendant. A [illegible] Controverſie depending of iſſues, [illegible] upon it was conſulted by the right [illegible] rend Matron, Madam *Iſabel*, that *Kate* ſhould go no more a Maying with *Sa[illegible]* the coole of the Evening, before Sun[illegible] ſing, whereupon *Lizer* took the matter ſnuffe, and ſwore by the croſſe of *An[illegible]* Bugle-bow, that *Ione* ſhould jogge to *N[illegible]* houſe to borrow her poking ſticke: upon this *Philiday* ſtarts up very ſeparately, and commands *Margot* to make haſte to *Rach[illegible]* houſe, and borrow a dozen of left hand ſpoones

spoones: now old *Sibill* all this while sate mumping like a Gib-Cat, and on the sudden she starts up, and thrusts *Charity* out of doores, to take up her lodging where shee could get it; *Doll* being much offended to see *Marget* invited to *Precilaes* wedding, by no meanes could suffer *Abigaile* to breake her fast before she got Victuals; presently *Beatrice* whispers *Cicily* in the eare softly, that all the company heard it, and bad her tell *Alice*, that unlesse she took heed, the pot would run over, and the fat fall in the fire; at this *Mary* clap'd her hands together, and entreats *Blanch* to tell her Cozen *Edith*, how shee should say that shee should say, that *Elizabeth* should do the thing she wots of. *Amy* hearing all this with a judiciall understanding capacity, at last tels *Parnell*, that her daughter *Rebecka* was gone to lie at her Aunt *Christians* house in Shooing-horne Alley. Now in the heat of all this businesse, *Barbara* tels *Frances* how there is good Ale at the *Labour-in-vaine*: the matter being brought

to this paſſe, *Winifrid* ſayes that her god-daughter *Grace*, is newly brought, (God bleſſe the child) and that *Conſtance* the Comfit-makers wife, at the ſigne of the Spiders leg, muſt be Goſſip; out alas ſayes *Temperance*, what have I forgot, I ſhould have been an houre agone at *Prudence* the Laundreſſe, to have taken meaſure of a paire of Cuffs for her Maid *Dorcas*; Now to conclude the buſineſſe, *Martha* proteſts that ſhe will never truſt *Thomaſine* againe while ſhe lives, becauſe ſhe promiſed to meet her at *Pimlico*, and bring her neighbour *Bethya* with her, and came not. Nevertheleſſe *Faith* went to mother *Red-Caps*, & by the way met with *Joyce*, who very kindly batled her peny wth her at a fat Pig. Well quoth *Sara*, all this wind ſhakes no corn, and I ſhould have bin a ſtarching Miſtreſſe *Mercies* Lawne Apron, and like a good Huſwife I am prating heere. Neighbours and friends, quoth *Arbella*, ſeeing the matter drawes toward ſo good a concluſion, let's een have the tother Pint be-

fore

fore we go; truly sayes *Iane*, the motion is not to be misliked, what say you Gossip *Vrsula*, truly sayes *Ellin*, I would go with you with all my heart, but I promist to meet *Lydya* at a Lector that we might take a neighbourly nap together. Vpon this rose a burly-burly, that the whole assembly dispersed themselves divers wayes, some one way, some another, and in conclusion, the businesse was all wisely ended as it was begun.

A Beare.

Beare and forbeare, I now ſpeake of the Beare,
And therefore (Reader) give, or lend an Eare.

First therefore, in much briefeneſſe I am rendring
Where, and how *Beares* have breeding and engendring,
Some are *Oſſean*, ſome are *Callidonian*,
Some *Æremanthian Beares*, and ſome *Æmonian*,
Some rugged *Ruſſians*, ſome Sun-burnt *Numidians*,
And laſtly, the white ſwimming *Beares*, (*Amphibians*)
Some do affirme a *Beare* to be a creature,
Whelp'd like a lump, with neither ſhape or feature,
Untill the Damme doth licke it into faſhion,
And makes the lump a *Beare* in transformation.
As Taylors with their precious wiſdomes Tallants,
Do licke, and Metamorphoſe Gulls to Gallants.
Whereby a faſhion oft is ſhap'd (by chance)
Out of an ill-bread lumpe of ignorance.
But for the Beare *he keepes his ſhape moſt conſtant,*
The Taylor (and his creatures) change each inſtant,
The Beare keepes ſtill, the faſhion he brought hither,
The gallant Gull's inconſtant, like Weather.

A *Beare's* a temperate Beaſt, moſt free from riot,
A prudent Schoolmaſter, of ſparing dyet,
Hee'le live foure moneths from every kind of meat,
By ſucking of his left foot, like a Teat.
Which is an abſtinence that doth require,
More then the faſt of a Carthuſitian *Fryer,*
No Capuchin, *or immur'd* Anchorite,
Did never (ſo much) curbe his Appetite.
And as *Beares* ſuffer hunger, I am ſure,
No beaſt created, doth more cold endure:
When fridged *Boreas* bluſtring blaſts do blow,
Mid'ſt Rocks, of hoary Ice, and hills of Snow,
The worſt of Winters ſharp extremity,
The hardy *Beare*, abides moſt conſtantly.
And in hot Africke, and the Libian *Coaſt,*
Where Phœbus *flames doth ſeeme the world to Roaſt:*
Where Negro Moores, *are dride and blackly dide,*
That heat (exceſſive) there the Beare *doth bide.*
So that with hunger, heat, and pinching cold,
The Beares extremities are manifold.
Being growne unto Maturity and ſtrength,
And having hither paſt the ſeas, at length,
At *Beare-Garden*, (a ſweet Rountious Colledge)
Hee's taught the Rudiments of Art and knowledge.
There doth he learne to dance, and (gravely grum)
To fight & to be Active (bravely tumbling) (bling)
To practiſe wards, and poſtures, to and fro,
To guard himſelfe, and to offend his foe;

Upon

Upon his hind feet, Tip to ſtiffe to ſtand,
And cuffe a Dog off with his foot-like hand;
And afterwards (for recreations ſake)
Practiſe to run the Ring about the ſtake.
Whilſt ſhowts, and Maſtives mouthes do fill the ſky
That ſure *Acteon* ne're had ſuch a cry.
Thus *Beares* do pleaſe the hearing and the ſight,
And ſure their ſent will any man invite:
For whoſoer'e ſpends moſt, ſhall finde this favour,
That by the Beares *and Dogs, hee's made a favour.*
And as a Common-wealth, (oft by Ill-willers,)
Is vex'd by prowling knaves, and Caterpillars,
So is a *Beare* (which is a quiet Beaſt)
By Curres and Mungrels, oftentimes oppreſt.
And tyde to what he doth hee's bound to ſee,
The beſt and worſt of all their cruelty. (for't.
And for mens monies, what ſhift ere they make
What ere is laid or paid, the *Beare's* at ſtake for't.
Though he be hardly drawne to't, 'gainſt his will,
Hee's bound to ſee and beare, and bide much ill;
Beſides the baiting of a *Beare* is rare,
Unlike the baiting of a Horſe or Mare:
The Horſe hath Provender, and Hey for Bait,
And doth in peace and quiet eate his meat;
When as the *Beare*, is Tugg'd, Lugg'd, Bit & Beaten
And eates no Bait, but likely to be Eaten.
A *Beare* is like a Watchman by his coat,
He weares a Rugge-Gowne alwayes (if you note,)

And (like a Watchman) oft a *Beare* will be
As mannerly, and watch as well as he.
And as a grumbling Officer may weare
A Collor and a Chaine, ſo doth a *Beare*.
'Tis writ by Authors (Philoſophicall)
How that a Beare is uſefull, Phyſicall,
For Agues, and hot Feavers, take his haire,
His Greace (or Lard) will aking Limbes repaire;
His Marrow ſtrengthens, (if you do annoint)
Shrunk Sinewes, Nerves, or an enfeebled joint,
The oyle boyl'd from his feet will operate
The Gowtes tormenting much to mitigate,
And when man's in conſumption, like to pine,
The *Beares* pith's good, that grows amidſt his Chine.
A *Beares* skin Tann'd it'h haire, is for a bed
Better then Blanquet, Rugg, or Coverled.
A *Beares* Teeth Painters in high price do hold,
To make them Inſtruments to gild with gold,
And for his Furre it is ſuch ex'lent ſtuffe,
That Many a Lady weares it in a Muffe;
Dry a *Beares* Liver, and to Powder beat it,
And let a Maid of forty five yeares eat it;
Although a thouſand falſe Knaves would deceive her
Yet ſhe ſhall keep her Maidenhead for ever.
Thus having ſhew'd of *Beares* their ſundry bree-
Their formes, their admirable ſparing feeding: (ding
Their patience, courage, temperance, fortitude,
And many vertues that have them endu'd,

For

For feare I ſhould mens patience much offend,
Ile give one ſhort touch more and make an end.
Then for the further honour of the Beares,
They (with the ſtars) are mounted in their Spheares:
There *Vrſa Major* in the firmament,
Is ſtellifide, a glorious ornament,
And there, the little Beare, (a ſtarre more finer)
Is call'd *Artophilax*, or *Vrſa Minor*,
And who ſo reads the ſecond part of *Ouid*,
There ſhall they finde (what here is writ) approved.
Now once againe, pray lend your eyes and eares,
Ile write of baiting of the Bulls and Beares.
It is a Game ſo ancient, that I wot
Records can ſcarce ſhew when we usde it not.
Except now, in theſe ſad infectious times,
That heav'ns juſt hand doth plague us for our crimes,
The Game is by authority ſuppreſt;
And Beares, and Bulls, and Dogs, have too much reſt,
Through want of baiting growne to ſuch a ſtraine,
(Hard to be tam'd, or brought in frame againe)
Almoſt all mad for want of exerciſe,
Filling the Aire with roaring and with cries,
That thoſe who neer the Bear-Garden are dwelling
Do heare ſuch bellowing, bawling, yawling, yelling,
As if *Hell* were broake looſe, or (truth to ſpeake)
The Devils at foot-ball were, or *Barley-breake*.
There's three couragious *Bulls*, as ever plaid,
Twenty good Beares, as er'e to ſtake was taid,

And

And ſeventy Maſtives of ſuch Breed and Races,
That from fierce Lions will not turne their faces;
A male and female Ape (kind Jacke and Jugge)
Who with ſweet complement do kiſſe and hugge,
And laſtly there is Jacke an Apes his Horſe,
A Beaſt of fiery fortitude and force.
As for the Game I boldly dare relate,
'Tis not for Boyes, or fooles effeminate,
For whoſo'ere comes thither, moſt and leaſt,
May ſee and learne ſome courage from a Beaſt:
And 'tis not only a baſe Rabble Crew,
That thither comes, It may be proved true,
That to the *Beare-Garden* comes now and than,
Some Gameſters worth ten thouſand pounds a man.
For rough behaviour that's no great diſgrace,
There's more horſ-play us'd at each deere horſ-race,
More heads, or legs, or necks, are broake each day,
At Cards, Dice, Tables, Bowles, or foot-ball-play.
The Game hath been maintain'd, and will, we hope
Be ſo againe (now favour gives it ſcope)
For Kings, for Princes, for Ambaſſadors,
Both for our Countreymen, and forreigners.
Which hath been held, a Royalty and Game,
And (though ecclips'd) will be againe the ſame.
But now (to make an end) muſt be explain'd,
How it the name of *Paris-Garden* ga n'd:
The name of it was from a Royall Bow,
(Brave *Illions* fire-brand, wracke and ſacke of *Troy*)

Paris

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Paris

Paris (King *Priams* ſonne) a ſucking child,
Was throwne away into the woods ſo wilde,
There that young Prince was caſt to liue or periſh,
And there a *Bear* with ſucke, the babe did cheriſh;
And as a rare memoriall of the ſame,
From *Paris*, *Paris-Garden* hath the name.
Thoſe that will not beleeve it, let them go
To *France*, in *Paris*, they may find it ſo,
Or if not there, let them looke narrowly,
In *Matthew Paris* famous Hiſtory.
And that we haue obtain'd againe the Game,
Our *Paris-Garden* Flag proclaimes the ſame.
Our *Beares*, and *Bulls*, and *Dogs*, in former ſtate,
The ſtreets of *London* do perambulate,
And honeſt ſport, and lawfull merriment,
Shall thrice a weeke be ſhew'd, to giue content.

Heere

Heere followes the Names of the *Bulls* and *Beares* at the *Beare-Garden* now.

The *Bulls* are,

1 *Goldilocks.*
2 *Emperour.*
3 *Dash.*
4 *Ingler.*

The *Beares* are,

1 *Ned of Canterbury.*
2 *George of Cambridge.*
3 *Don Iohn.*
4 *Ben Hunt.*
5 *Nan Stiles.*
6 *Beefe of Ipswich.*
7 *Robin Hood.*
8 *Blind Robin.*

9 In-

Bull, Beare, and Horſe, &c.

9 *Iudith of Cambridge.*
10 *Beſſe Hill.*
11 *Kate of Kent.*
12 *Roſe of Bedlam.*
13 *Nan Talbot.*
14 *Mall Cut-Purſe.*
15 *Nell of Holland.*
16 *Mad Beſſe* } *two white Beares.*
17 *Will Tookey* }
18 *Beſſe Runner.*
19 *Tom Dogged.*

If any will have one of theſe, or ſome,
Or all, let them to our *Beare-Garden* come:
Theſe beaſts are for their ſervice bound, &
And there their pleaſures may be ſatisfi

Vp

Vpon the goodneſſe of a worthineſſe of Horſes, with a merry touch of the *Beare-Garden* Palfrey, or Jacke-an-Apes his Horſe.

MY Muſe is Mounted 'twixt the ſoaring wings
Of *Pegaſus*, who bravely flies and flings
Through ayre, through clouds, through ſun-ſhine, & (deſcries
Each earthly Regions Rare Varieties.
The numbers infinite, of ſundry creatures,
Their ſtrange diverſity in formes and Natures,
And as in gliding flight, I ſwiftly ſoare
Or'e Sun-burnt *Africke*, and the *Libian* ſhore,
There (with much pleaſure) I did caſt mine eye
Vpon the well-made *Horſe* of *Barbarie*,
And croſſing or'e the *Mediterran* Maine,
I ſaw the prauncing Jennet of proud *Spaine*,
Straight the *Iberian* fume of *Ariſtippus*,
Hurl'd us to *Greece*, and there I view'd their *Hippos*.

Then back or'e *Italy* amaine we flew,
Whereas their fierce *Cavallo* I did view,
In *Naples* I the *Courser* brave espide,
Thence, we or'e *Almaine*, and low *Belgia* glide,
There my Muse saw the bounding *Palfrey* Prance,
From thence my wing'd horse bore me over *France*
There foaming fiery hot the gallant *Gaul*,
Did daunce Corantoes with his *Frenth Cheval*.
Then or'e *Hibernia*, we tooke speedy flight,
And there the *Irish Hobby* pleas'd my sight,
Then my *Pegasian* wings began to flag,
I view'd the *English Steed*, and *Scottish Nag*.
And as the heat of blood ~~my Beast inflames~~
He kick'd and threw me headlong into * *Thames*,
And as I fell, his hoofe bestow'd a wince,
Upon my pate, and there's the marke ere since.
The gentle River at my fall did grieve,
Set me on land safe, gave me meanes to live:
And *Pegasus* inspir'd me with his heele,
That ever since an itching vaine I feele,
Of sprightfull Poesie, though not so well,
As men may say I therein do excell.
But I can do (as many more have done)
Bring Reames of Paper to confusion,
Nor doth my Muse rejoyce in merriments,
Drawne from wits sorded obsceane excrements.

* Pegasus *cast me off his backe, and I fell into the* Thames, *which was the cause I serv'd an apprentiship to be a Waterman.*

Ile curbe her in, from medling with the State,
Or libelling 'gainſt men infortunate,
I meane to keep my eares upon my head,
And on mens miſeries I ſcorne to tread.
I have obſerv'd no proud man ever yet,
Did any thing but ruine, and hatred get;
I know obedience, and humilitie,
Is beſt with all belov'd tranquilitie,
I know the lawes guard me from miſchiefes Jawes,
Which lawes I love, & thoſe that made thoſe lawes
Nor ſhall my lines (for things indifferent)
In Church or Common-wealth er'e make a rent.
Thus *Pegaſus* did to *Pernaſſus* ſoare,
And on the *Thames* I got a healthfull Oare,
Which ofttimes I have us'd, and will againe,
Meane time Ile uſe the vigour of my braine,
As *Homer* writ the warres of *Mice* and *Frogs*,
So I (his Ape) do write of *Beares* and *Dogs*:
Of *Bulls*, and *Bulls* begot by word of mouth
Of *Horſes*, and ſome Tales of age and youth,
And now my Muſe againe begins to mount,
The *Horſes* excellency to recount,
You famous Palfreyes of the flaming *Sunne*,
(That ſcorn'd the management of *Phaeton*)
Who with the heat of *Sol's* bright Axelltree
Caus'd all this under world on fire to be;
(I know the morall meaning of the ſame,
Is, man ſhould not beyond true reaſon ayme.)

Let *Eous*, *Phlegon*, *Æthon*, and *Pirois*,
Apolloes golden Teame Aſsiſt my Muſe,
But 'tis no matter, keepe your daily courſe,
Without your aide my wit is nere the worſe;
Whilſt you are reeking with celeſtiall ſweat
I, of Terreſtriall *Horſes* meane to treat.
A *Horſe* (of all the Beaſts beneath the skie)
Is beſt, and moſt for mans commodity:
His exact making gives the eye delight,
A body brave, lin'd with a noble ſprite,
And though he knew no reſon, or a mind,
Yet unto man hee's tractably enclin'd,
In dangerous war, the *Horſe* the brunt doth carry,
Where every Rider ſeemes a *Sagitary*,
In peace, a Horſe for ſtate, for Tilt or Tourney,
For quicke diſpatch, or eaſe in any journey,
For pleaſure, carriage, and for husbandry,
The Horſe doth furniſh our neceſſity.
The pooreſt *Horſe* that is, or ever was,
Doth much more ſervice then the golden Aſſe,
Thats deck'd with borrowed trappings, yet ſuch
Advance audaciouſly their brainleſſe Creſts, (beaſts,
Neere where the Princely Lyon doth reſort,
And there in pride and ſenſuall luſt do ſnort,
Yet can they not outſtrip all beaſts ſo farr,
But Wiſdomes eye perceives them what they are.
The hunting Horſe is of good uſe for pleaſure.
The Sumpter Horſe doth underſtand the treaſure.

The Mill-horſe hath an endleſſe journey (round)
The Pack-horſe overladen meaſures ground,
The Mare and Gelding ſervesour buſineſſe well,
Whilſt (for poore Hackneyes) *England* is a Hell.
And what's a Horſes gaine for all his paine,
But bread, graſſe, hay, oats, or ſuch kind of Graine,
That is the *ſummum bonum*, he deſires, (tyres.
Through want of which there's many a good Horſe
I have ſeene Gallants (three parts drunke almoſt)
*Ride, as they meant to ſee the Devill in poſt,
And when they to their journies end have come,
Their horſes mucky wet, with ſweat and foame,
The Riders fall unto their drinking vaine,
The Oſtler walkes the Horſe a turne or twaine,
Their jawes tyde up unto the empty Racke,
The whilſt their Riders ſmoake, and ſwallow ſack,
Quaffes, capers, ſings a Katch, a round, or Ditty,
And leaves the Horſe unto the Hoſtlers pitty,
And ſo the jades of meat do get ſuch ſtore,
As *Lazarus* once had at the Gluttons dore.
Thus many a good Horſe proves a jade indeed
Being over rid, and want whereon to feed,
All thoſe that to a beaſt beares ſuch a mind,
I wiſh them all ſo ſerved in their kind.
There's many wayes, mens barbarous cruelty,
Doth cauſe diſeaſes multiplicity
To be in Horſes, and the damned Trade
To ſell a Botch'd ſophiſticated jade,

* *The bad uſage of unconſcionable riders to horſes*

In

In * Smithfield is in practiſe twice a weeke,
He that beleeves me not, let him go ſeeke.
There ſhall he ſee the ambler made to trot,
The lame and founderd, luſty, (being hot)
The trotter ſhall be forc'd with eaſe to amble,
And through the horſemarket ſhall be ſuch ſcamble
With galloping, and trotting, ambling, pacing,
Moſt odious ſwearing, lying, and out-facing,
Such dawbing horſes griefes with counterfeiting,
That hee's a cunning buyer ſcapes their cheating.
In ancient times, horſes much fame did gaine,
Which Poets and Hiſtorians do maintaine:
Beſides the ſwift skie-ſcalding *Pegaſus*,
Great *Alexander* had *Bucephalus*,
Reinoldo had his *Bayard*, and there are,
Names giv'n to horſes, both in peace and war.
But leaving ſtately horſes, it is found †
The *Bear-garden* is circular, or rovnd,
Where *Iack-an-Apes* his horſe doth ſwiftly run
His circuit, like the horſes of the Snn.
And quicke as lightning, his will trace and track,
Making that endleſſe round his Zodiacke,
Which *Iacke* (his Rider) bravely rides a ſtraddle,
And in his hot Careere perfumes the ſaddle;

* Much cheeting in Smithfield, in buying and ſelling Horſes.

‡ Vpon the Bearegarden Horſe.

Hee's

Hee's active, and hee's passive in his pace,
And sprung from ancient and approved race,
His grandsires grandsire, was begot perforce,
Between the *Night-mare*, and the *Trojan Horse*,
That female Horse of *Sinon*, in whose wombe
A hundred well-arm'd mad Colts had their roome,
Wch being foald, spoild *Troy*, with sword & flame,
And from that Jade, our jade descent doth claime,
For (as his parents oft have done before)
He alvvayes keepes a jadish tricke in store.

FINIS.